Vol. V. Numb. 24.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Posture of Affairs Abroad. Of Peace. Of Deposing the French *King. Reasons for so doing.*

From **Wednesday** June the 5th, to **Saturday** June the 8th, 1706.

Obs. WELL, Honest *Country-man*, what more News from *Flanders* and *Catalonia*?

Country-m. Master, I think you'll never be Surfeited with Fighting Stories; you have had two or three good Meals upon 'em. 'Tis true what we say, *One Mans Meat is another Mans Poyson.* You can Feed like a *Farmer* upon these Stories; when the *High-Flyers* are Nauseated, Keck and Spew at 'em; poor Creatures it moves their Intrails to a higher degree than *Emetic Tartar.*

But, Master *Observator*, all the *Beau-Writers* in Town are Forming Projects upon this Great Victory; they are Instructing my Lord Duke how to proceed upon it; and speaks as Confidently as if they were the *Privy Councellors* of the Universe, and were *Secretaries of State* to all the Princes therein. Now, pray Master, what do you say?

Obs. I say that I have nothing to say to these Points; but if you are minded to hear any thing from me on that Head, let me hear what they say on that Subject, I may *Animadverse* and *Reflect*, I hope there's no *Treason* or *Sedition* in that.

Country-m. One of our Famous Authors, that thinks he has more Wit than the rest of the People, Consulted the *Stars*, and his own unfathomable *Reason*, and gave us a whole Paper of his Prognostications, *That we should not be able to do any thing in* Flanders *this Year:* But to his great Confusion and our Comfort, the very day, as I remember, that his Paper was Published, we had an Account of that Glorious Victory.

Obs. Roger, should I at that rate have blacked the *Affairs* of the *Confederacy*, erected such a *Dismal Scene* of *Misfortunes*, and fore-told such *Horrible Occurrences*, I should have had the *Hog* a Grunting after me before this time: But Necessity and Humane Prudence obliges me to *Think* more than *Write* at this present, but Time may come. —— However let's hear a little of their Projects.

Country-m. This great Observer of the Actions of our *Generals*, is leading the D. of *Marlborough* into *Picardy*; he's to have *Calais*, *Bulloign*, and I can't tell how many Towns in *France*; and he tells us, *That our Shipping may be useful in this Design*; *and that it* cannot *be above four hours Sail from* Dover *to* Bulloign.

Obs. I am glad to hear those that Trumpeted up a Standing Army in the late Reign, acknowledge our Fleet to be in any manner useful. But, *Country-man*, if it cannot be above four Hours Sail from *Dover* to *Bulloign*, it may be but four Minutes Sail. I don't know what Feats this Wise *Stars-Man* may perform; but I can tell thee, *Country-man*, I have been 16 Hours in Sailing from *Dover* to *Bulloign* Bay, where I have rode at an Anchor 48 Hours, when I have been forc'd back again without setting a Foot on Shoar, and this is Evident to me that it *can* be above four Hours Sail.

Where ever I come the People are forming Projects for the *Government*: They'll March our Army into *France*; nay, Take and Sack *Paris* over a Pipe and a Bottle, run forward like so many *Hampshire Hogs*, without looking back, or seeing the Misfortunes that may attend their Rear. I am desirous as any Body of *Victories*, but I think when my Lord Duke has secured what he has gotten already, he will have made the most Glorious Campaign that has been made this last *Century*.

And this seems to be the Design of that Great General. If he can but get one Town for us, I mean *Ostend*, 'twill be of greater Advantage than the Taking of many others. 'Twill, if it stands out, be a hard spot of Work, but considering that by the purchase of that Town we lay the *Flanders* Trade open, and that many other Towns upon it will declare for King *Charles*, they wanting *Trade*, when the Neighbouring Towns have it, it will be worth the best Price we can bid for it.

And who knows but this may be speedily Effected, and give our Forces room for more *Enterprizes* and *Conquests*? The Course Sir *Stafford Fairborn* has Steer'd gives us some Umbrage of such a Design, and may yet give us another Instance of the usefulness of our Fleet.

Country-m. Master, if I had known Sir *Stafford* had gone that way I would have gone along with him, I want to see Bombing of Towns, and Shooting of Bullets, and Killing of *Frenchmen*; and I would be sure to be in that Ship that lay fartherst off and most out of Danger; for I don't care to have my precious Body defac'd by an *Iron Dumpling*.

Obs. Roger, the nearer you are the better you can see; and therefore I would advise thee to get ashoar among the *Soldiers*, and give a helping Hand in the *Storm*.

Country-m. I don't love *Storms*, I had my Barn blow'd down in the late *Storm*, and if I engage in my Lord Duke's *Storms*, I may have my Head blown off; besides, they tell me that in that Country they let out the Waters for I can't tell how many Miles about the Places, and then I shall be in danger of Drowning, must sprawl about like a *Frog* in the Water, and sup *Adams Ale* instead of *October*. No, Master, if you can help me to a way how to see these things without danger of losing my Brains I shall thank you for your Advice.

Obs. Indeed I can't help thee out in that Point. If thou art afraid of Dying never go where the Instruments of Death are so Rife. But, *Roger*, what do our *Polititians* say further?

Country-m.

Country-m. Why, now they begin to Talk of Peace.

Obs. I expected that; and don't they set themselves up for *Plenipotentiaries?* Are the Golden *Snuff-Boxes* a making?

Country-m. Master, they say we may manage the *French* King so as to keep him within Bounds.

Obs. What has not been, may be. But we never knew him yet keep his Treaties or Articles longer then he could break 'em for his Advantage, and before we Talk of a Peace, we must reduce him to a Condition incapable of disturbing his Neighbours.

I shall not launch out into a Discourse of that Condition, for I don't intend to propose any Scheme of Peace; I think 'tis much too soon to speak of it, and much detrimental to the Common Cause to have it, but upon the Terms aforementioned.

I think *Europe* cannot expect a continual and lasting Peace whilst the *French* King has any Power. Whilst he is a *King* he will be a *Tyrant*, whilst he has *Power* he'll make it *Exorbitant*; and, therefore, I think it the best way to carry on the War so long till he is Unhing'd, his Territories Divided, and he become a *Nebuchadnezzar*.

I know upon this Proposal, the *Beau-Writers* will at me again, and say, *That I am Unmannerly to Crown'd Heads.* But, Gentlemen, without Passion let us enquire into the Merits of the Cause, and if we find that the *Common Safety* of *Europe* cannot be maintain'd whilst the *French* King has any *Power*, Pray let him be depos'd.

We will not make any Proposals, or assert any thing without our Reasons; and, therefore, let us enquire into the *Justice* of such a thing, and if we can carry our Point in *Equity* we have done our Business.

The great Law of *Retaliation* obliges us to do by the *French* King, now it is in our Power, as he has done by Others. The *Confederates* are now in Arms to take Satisfaction of the *French* King for the *Piracies* he has made upon his Neighbours, for Ravish'd Countries, Conquer'd Provinces and Dominions which he has added to his own Territories.

Now let us examine what Satisfaction this must be according to *Equity*. If we grant him a Peace upon his Restoring what he has Rob'd his Neighbours of, is this a Satisfaction to the People he has Rob'd? Certainly no; he has had those Territories long in Possession; has rais'd Monies upon the Subjects; has forc'd them to Fight against their *Liege Lords* and *Natural Soveraigns*; what Satisfaction can be made them for the time the *French* King has had their Lands in Possession? If he delivers up no more than what he has Stole, he delievers no more than what is not his own, and keeps what he had before.

Now to put the *French* King into such a Condition by a Peace, we leave him under the same Circumstances as at first, when he began his *Depredations*; and in Possession of the same Power and Instruments with which he began his *Robberies*, and with which he may begin New Ones, when his Circumstances of *Strength* are suitable to his Inclinations of *Ambition* and *Revenge*.

Is it not the highest Reason, that his Territories should be Confiscated, made Over to the Persons, or Sold for the Reimbursment of those he has Injur'd? If I am Rob'd and do Recover my Goods, the Person that Rob'd me stands still liable to the *Law*, which is not satisfy'd in my having my Goods again. Besides, 'tis impossible for the *French* King to Restore these Lands in the Condition he *Took* them. *Lands* as well as *Cloths* are worse for the Wearing; the *Country* is Depopulated; the *Inhabitants* as are left are Impoverish'd by heavy Taxes: And, Pray, what Satisfaction can be made the *Proprietors* and *Lords* of the *Soil* for this Devastation? No hing that I can see but a Reprisal on the *French* Kings Dominions.

It may be Objected, That when he has Vomited up his unjust Acquisitions he will be Confin'd to the Narrow Limits own of his Dominions: His *Forces* as well as *Territories*, will be Reduc'd; and then he cannot appear so Formidable to *Europe:* But if he consider that as he will have less Ground to Maintain, so he will have Forces enough left to Maintain that Ground. It may put us upon Thoughts whether we ought not to Deprive him of that means by which he Enlarg'd his Territories, since we cannot search into the Womb of *Providence*, and view future Contingencies, which may enable him to begin New *Depredations*.

If we could once so Pair the Claws of this *Insatiable Tyrant*, as that he should never more be fit for *Rapine*; it would be well put into Practice. This we were told was done at the Treaty of *Reswick*; yet we found 'em in three or four Years so grown again, that he could Grasp the vast Kingdom of *Spain* into his Paws, which has cost us so much *Blood* and *Treasure*. So that we have little Reason to talk any more of Pairing his *Claws*, of keeping him within just Bounds; and nothing will do it but Cutting off his Head, which will never grow again, that is, Deposing him.

Nor is the Project impracticable: We have made a large Step towards it already, this Campain may take another, and a third by our Fleet and Land-Forces on Board. We are Strong enough; we are Rich enough to Accomplish it, and if we don't do it, I can't see any hopes we can have of a Firm and Lasting *Peace* in *Europe*.

And here, I hope, I shall have all the *Hereditary-Right-Men* in the Kingdom on my Side. The *French* King is a *Usurper* every where; he has no *Right* to the Kingdom of *France*, by Lineal Descent. If he be Legitimate (as is much question'd) the Family he is Descended from, were never the *Right Heirs*. The *Right Heirs* are Living, and may come to their *Antient Possession*, if Back'd by a Powerful Force. Let *Justice* take Place, I say, and so, *Roger*, let us Depart.

Country-m. With one Bumper to the Deposing the *French Tyrant* we'll go to Bed.

Advertisements.

STollen out a Stable in the *Park* in *Southwark*, on *Tuesday* Night the Fourth of this Instant *June*, a Black Brown Gelding, Fourteen Hands high, a Blaze down the Face, a Whisk Tail, about some Saddle-Spots near the Shoulders, his Footlock newly Clip'd, but not close, all his Paces; who ever can secure him, so as he may be had again, and give Notice to Mr. *John Parsons*, at the *Green Lettice*, near the *Queens-Bench*; or to *Christopher Parsons*, at the *Golden-Ball*, in *Red-Cross-Street*, *London*, shall have a Guinea Reward and Reasonable Charges.

THE finest *Lucatellus Balsam* that ever was made in *England*, to which is now added the true Balm of *Gilead*, and three or four Rich Balsamick Ingredients, it hath a delicate fragrant Scent and Taste. Rub a little on your hand, you'll soon discern a difference from all others. 'Tis a most Efficacious Medicine (as now prepar'd) in all Inward Bruises, Strains, Pluritick Pains, Ulcers of the Lungs, or any Inward pain, Coughs, shortness of Breath, Spitting of Bloody or any other Irregular Evacuation of Blood in Men or Women; it Relieves the Pains in the Kidneys and Bladder, thro' Stone, Gravel, or sharpness of Urine, causing the Water to slide away easily; taken at Night going to Bed, it eases Coughs wonderfully, and gives rest. No Family ought to be without it, for Cuts and Green Wounds it helps in 48 Hours, takes away Pains and Aches by Anointing with it hot, and certainly Cures chapt Nipples, Lips, and Hands, at once or twice using, making them smooth and soft. Sold only at Mr. *Hows*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-street*; and at Mr. Smith's, at the Post-Office, in Russel-street, Covent-Garden, at 1*s.* the Pot with Directions. To prevent Counterfeits, every Pot is now Sealed with my Seal, the *Sun-Flower Mantle* and *Crest*; if not 'tis a *Counterfeit*.

Thursday last was Publish'd

A Review of Her Royal Highness the Princess *Sophia*'s Letter to the Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and that of Sir *Rowland Gwynne* to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Stamford*: Or, a *Jacobite* Plot against the *Protestant* Succession Discover'd: Occasion'd by a Scurrilous and Factious Libel, lately Printed against the most Serene House of *Hannover*. With invincible Reasons for an Humble Address to Her most Sacred Majesty to invite over the Presumptive Heir of the Crown, by that means infallibly to secure the *Protestant* Succession, and in that our Laws, Religion and Constitution against the Power and Intrigues of the *French* King, in Conjunction with the *Jacobites*, and others of this Nation. Price 2*s.* Printed for the Author; and Sold by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven*, in *Pater Noster-Row*.

LAugh and be Fat: Or, an Antidote against Melancholly. Containing, 1. Great Variety of Comical Intrigues and Stories, in Town and Country. 2. Poems on various Occasions. 3. Witty Epigrams and Whims. 4. Epitaphs Serious and Comical. 5. Pleasant Songs and Ballads. *Written by the most Ingenious Authors of the Age.* Price Bound 1*s.*

Sold by J. How, at the Seven-Stars, in Talbot-Court, in Grace-Church-Street.

THese are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus* a Collegiate Physician of *London*, and Sworn Physician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Person that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leprosies, Veneral and *French* Disease, Running of the Reins, and all such Malignities, tho' never so Inveterate, in all Constitutions, at all Seasons of the Year, hindring no Business, without Fluxing, or the use of *Mercury*, which is generally Destructive. These Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Persons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of several late Ignorant Pretenders, for she perfectly knows the Doctors Methods of Curing, which she Practices with great Success, as has been several times mentioned in the Gazette, particularly the Eleventh of *April* last. She Cures many after Fluxing, Compassionates the Distressed, and deals with all Persons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pill 1*s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives Advice Gratis to all that write, or come to her.

* She is Removed from the *Glass-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-against Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

London, Printed for the Author, *John Tutchin*. 1706.